WASHINGTON LIFE, OFFICIAL AND OTHERWISE

The presence in town of a commission from the republic of Liberia to ask the aid of the United States in maintaining the integrity of its boundaries against further encroachments by the French and British colonies recalls to mind the history of the American Colonization Society, which founded this State as an asylum for manumitted slaves and those free negroes who cared to throw in their lot with their race. This story carries us back to the early days of the last century, to the century before it, indeed. As early as 1773 the Rev. Samuel Hopkins and the Rev. Ezra Stiles conceived the idea of educating negro youths in the ministry for the purpose of sending them to Africa as missionaries, but concluding that two or three individuals could accomplish little in so wide a field, decided to form a missionary settlement, and this was the seed from which Liberia grew.

The war of the Revolution suspended the plan, and it was not until 1816 that the American Colonization Society was formed, although previous to this a number of emigrants had been sent to various parts of Africa. The society met for the election of officers on January 1, 1817, when Judge Bushrod Washington was chosen president, and Dr. William Thornton, whose name is one of the most prominent in the early annals of Washington, was made a member of the board of managers. A commission visited Africa in November of the same year to find a suitable location for the proposed colony, and a site was finally decided upon, but it was not until three years later that the first load of emigrants sailed from New York on the Elizabeth for their new home, and the republic "that," in the words of one of its founders, "Divine Providence intended as a proof to all nations that free institutions are adapted to the wants and capacities of every race of men," was founded.

The history of Liberia has been one of ups and downs. There have been dissensions within and enemies without, but it still exists as a negro republic, and, according to some travelers, is in a flourishing condition, while others state that it is fast falling into decay; that its once flourishing capital of Monrovia is in ruins; that its citizens have had but little effect upon the native negroes, but are themselves fast lapsing into barbarism, and that few emigrants now seek its shores.

According to the last census, the population of Liberia was 1,085,000, of whom 18,000 are liberated American slaves, the remainder indigenous negroes, including the Kroomen. No white man is allowed to become a citizen or to hold property, and complete religious toleration exists.

The United States is represented in Liberia by a minister and a consul general, both offices being frequently united in one person, as is now the case, and that our diplomatic agent must belong to the negro race is, of course, obvious. The present American minister is Ernest Lyon, who is a native of Belize, British Honduras, but his education was received and his career made in the United States. Mr. Lyon is the founder of the Maryland Industrial and Agricultural Institute for the education of young colored men, and to him as an auxiliary member of the Republican National Committee all matters relating to the negro vote in the East are referred.

American Sailors Are Not Flunkies.

"What impresses me most on the British war ships," said a naval officer, fresh from a long cruise, at a dinner the other night, "is the way the sailors are detailed to do the work of butlers and valets, and the masterly manner in which they perform their duties. I dined with the captain of an English cruiser not long ago, and the table was entirely served by the men, and in their blue jackets, too. They not only passed the dishes, but they mixed the drinks with the skill of a professional 'barkeep,' poured out the wine, handed about the cigars, and made themselves generally useful. I expressed some surprise to one of the English officers present; said it would not work in our navy; that one of our enlisted men would be insulted to be put to such work, and if he accepted the detail he would do so sulkily, and soon become so uppish as to be intolerable.

"'Only fawncy,' replied my friend. 'Why, it has always been the custom with us to put the men at this sort of thing, and it seems to work very well, don't you know.'

"But I didn't know, and I wasn't convinced. What I do know is that there is no man who walks the earth or sails the sea so independent and so free as the American sailor, and there is no one more insistent upon his perogatives, more jealous of his rights. Convert the men behind the guns into 'barkeeps'? Never, so long as the flag of freedom waves, the bird of freedom flies."

One Hero Worshiper Still Remains.

Admiral Dewey leads a quiet life these days. Ten years ago his name was on every tongue, his appearance was everywhere greeted with cheers; babies, towns, vessels, cravats were named for him, and he was the hero of the hour. Some of his enthusiastic followers advocated him for the Presidency, and there were others who would have made him dictator for life could they have had their way. But there seems to be no temperate feeling in regard to heroes in this country, and there is constant evidence of the ingratitude that is said to characterize republics. A man is exalted to-day, forgotten to-morrow, and his only monument is the work he has performed.

There is, however, one man who in town always speaks of the hero of Manila with affection and admiration. He is a butcher in one of the public markets, and was a school mate of the veteran Admiral. According to this knight of the cleaver, he recognized Dewey as a hero when they used to sit on the same bench in a certain school in Montpelier, Vt., where the Admiral was born, and whence he went in 1854 to begin his naval career at the Academy in Annapolis. This admiring friend has much to say regarding his school-fellow's incipient bravery, but is most eloquent when he discourses upon his personal appearance and habits.

"I tell you," he says convincingly, "George was the dude of our school, only we didn't say dude in them days; it was dandy then. His shoes were always blacked, his hair always combed, and there was never any spots on his clothes. I don't wonder that the girls, big and little, use'ter take such a fancy to him for he was as neat as a pin and I'd be willing ter bet that the 'pap,' as the middies call it in these days, didn't catch him often, an' I swan if he ain't the same to-day. I see him every now an' then—he takes off his hat to me, too, with a big sweep—lookin' jest as if he had come outer a bandbox."

At Least Attains Cleanliness of Body.

A certain official in town has instructed his butler to inform all undesirable visitors who may call at his house that he is in the bathtub and cannot be seen, and this information has been again and again meted out to a persistent caller with a grievance to exploit. The last visit he timed in the afternoon, only to again be told that Mr. X was in the bathtub. Disgusted and chagrinned at this final failure to gain access to his victim, he announced to the negro butler that he would wait until Mr. X had finished his bath.

"'Deed, sar, 'tain't no use," the servant informed him; "a gen'leman done wait fo' hours fo' Mr. X 'de udder day, an' Mr. X he ain't fru 'den."

Whereupon the disappointed visitor took out a card and wrote upon it as follows: "You may succeed, if you persevere, in getting your body clean, but no waters on earth or in heaven can purify your conscience or cleanse your political record."

Goes Abroad to Influence Legislation.

It is not unusual to run across a foreigner in Washington who is here avowedly for the purpose of influencing legislation, but it is rare that an American goes to any of the European capitals for a like purpose. There is, however, at present in London one of our strongest and wisest men, who is easily in the lead of the noted patent attorneys of the United States—Judge Charles H. Duell, once Commissioner of Patents and former judge of the Court of Claims. Judge Duell is endeavoring to have changed a patent law passed by the English Parliament a year ago, providing that patents that have been issued for more than four years, but not made in England, be subject to revocation. That there is no one in this country who has this subject better in hand than Judge Duell, and no one who would have a greater moral effect, is not to be doubted, and those who chose him to represent them in London have chosen well. Judge Duell has been well known in Washington since his boyhood days, where his father, R. Holland Duell, represented the Syracuse district in Congress in the early '70's. Later on Mr. Duell, sr., was appointed Commissioner of Patents by President Grant, when Zach Chandler, of Michigan, held the Interior portfolio.

It was at this time that his son, as assistant examiner, gained the practical experience that makes him one of the foremost authorities on patents in the world. The Patent Office was practically reorganized by Judge Duell when he was its commissioner, and it will be long before the effects of his wholesome regime will cease to be felt. When he took hold of that office the work in the different divisions was so far behind it seemed impossible that it could ever be brought up to date. The new commissioner was a good housekeeper, however, and promptly asked Congress for a force sufficient to bring the work of the office up to date. This was granted him, and in a year after the appropriation was available he had reduced the number of cases awaiting action from some fourteen to some 6,000.

Quaint Greek Wedding in Washington.

News from the other side that the Russian Minister to Korea, Mr. Pavlow, has been found short in his accounts, and will, therefore, be disciplined by his government, is received with regret by the several friends he made here when he visited Washington five years ago for the purpose of attending his own wedding, one of the most unique and notable that ever took place at the Capital. Mr. Pavlow's bride was Miss des Planques, the ward and protege of the then Russian Ambassador, Count Cassini, who was the host at her marriage, which was celebrated after the Greek form in the drawing-rooms of the embassy, then installed in the Morton house in Rhode Island avenue.

No one who attended that function will ever forget it, so entirely different was it in all its appointments and ceremonial from anything we ever see in this part of the world. The altar, erected for the occasion, with the great icon, the cross, and golden crown; the cups and plate of the same precious metal for the bread and wine used in the ceremony; the several priests, headed by the bishop of the Greek Church in this country, in their ceremonial robes, who chanted the canticle from the Song of Solomon as the dainty bride and her attendants came down the broad stairway; the groom and ushers in full court uniform, the handsome toilets of the guests, all made a picture that for impressiveness and brilliancy has rarely been equaled.

After his marriage Mr. Pavlow took his bride immediately to his post at Seoul, where they were the center of an interesting circle. Now there opens another chapter in the story, the sordid account of the Russian diplomatist's malfeasance in office, but even that will not serve to dim the gorgeous picture in which Mr. Pavlow was one of the chief figures.

Mr. Genet Was a Frenzied Republican.

Mr. Genet, of New York, was the only direct descendant of Gov. Clinton at the ceremonies on Wednesday last, which marked the removal of the remains of New York's early governor to their final resting place in Kingston, of that State. Mr. Genet is the great-grandson of Gov. Clinton's daughter, who married Edmond Charles Genet, French Minister to the United States, in 1792, and a disturbing element during the period he served here; his interference in American politics and the propaganda he was endeavoring to make for the French Revolution finally rendered him so offensive that his recall was asked. Mr. Genet did not, however, return to France, where he would have likewise found himself a persona non grata on surrendering his portfolio, but bought an estate in New Jersey, where he lived the life of a gentleman farmer, raised his children to become ardent Americans, and was much more acceptable as a friend and neighbor than he had ever been as an official.

It is strange that Genet should have been such a frenzied Republican, for his father had held a high position at court under the reign of Louis XVI, and his sister, Mme. Campan, was the trusted friend and companion of Marie Antoinette. Indeed, it was through the influence of the latter that he was appointed in the diplomatic service. One of his first details was as charge d'affaires to Russia, but there his republican proclivities, which, by the way, he took no pains to hide, became known and he was ordered by Catherine II to leave her court. On quitting St. Petersburg, he was sent to America, where he was received with such great enthusiasm that he felt warranted in using his position to make friends for France, and went so far as to fit out privateers for her service and to personally project hostile expeditions in her interest against Florida and Louisiana, at that time still under the control of Spain. In a word, Gov. Clinton's son-in-law was a thorn in the flesh of the fathers of the republic, and heroic measures were invoked for his removal.

Girl Graduate as Sweet as Ever.

Now is the period for school commencements, and not only the order of ceremonies, but the bearing and dress of the sweet girl graduate have completely changed in the past quarter of a century. A most acceptable elimination from the programme of these functions are the salutatories, the valedictories, and the essays that a hot, bored, and perspiring lot of relatives and friends were forced to listen to and forced to applaud. Those were amusing papers, those essays, setting forth as they did the views on life of girls from sixteen to twenty, wise and profound views interlarded with good advice—for what a girl in her teens does not know is not worth knowing—but she made an enchanting picture, just the same, the sweet girl graduate of the past, in her white muslin frock and her lovely face wearing an expression of anxiety, for the success of the commencement, of course, all depended upon her; and her joy when the programme was finished and all had gone beautifully was delightful to see. Happily the girls of to-day are but little changed at heart from their mothers—it is only the way of doing things. The graduates of the twentieth century are just as adorable as those of the nineteenth, but, instead of being overpowered by their wisdom, we are invited to listen to pleasing discourses from those who are truly wise, to hear some excellent music, and to look on while a beautiful bunch of American girls receive their diplomas, and to rejoice in their happiness.

COFFEE AS A WEDDING GIFT.

Peculiar Custom Which Is General in Coffee-raising Countries.

From the New York Press.

"We have a custom in the coffee raising countries," said Senor Joaquim Nabuco, the Brazilian Ambassador to the United States, "which is unknown in other parts of the world. When a child is born in the coffee country, a sack of the best grain is set aside as part of the inheritance to be received on attaining its majority. Usually the sack is the gift from some close friend or relative, and it is guarded as sacredly as if it were a gift of gold or bonds. No stress would induce a Brazilian parent to use coffee which was made the birth gift of a child. As a rule it is sealed with the private seal of the owner and bears a card giving all particulars about the variety of grain, its age on being sacked, and the birth of the child to whom it is given, and other details, which are very interesting when the gift is due.

Generally the coffee is opened for the first time when the child marries. The coffee for the reception or marriage feast is made from the legacy, and, according to precedent, this must be the first time the sack is opened. After the coffee is made for the wedding feast the sack is carefully closed and sent to the new home of the young couple, and should keep them in this staple for a year at least. When both bride and bridegroom have the birth gift of coffee they have started life under very hopeful conditions, so far as one necessary is concerned. Few people know that the older the unparched grain of coffee is the better the flavor. Like wine, it grows with age, and that which is over twenty years mellowing under proper conditions will bring from $1.50 to $3 a pound from connoisseurs. The giving of pounds of green coffee is a common practice in the coffee belt. Friends exchange these gifts and compare results. When one cannot afford to give a sack of coffee it frequently is the case that ten pounds of the best green grain is packed in a fancy case and bestowed on a newly born child, with directions that it must not be opened until the wedding day.

DIME NOVELS IN SPAIN.

A Demand for French Versions of the Old-timers in Barcelona.

Benjamin H. Ridgeley, American Consul General in Barcelona, reports that French translations of the old style American dime novels have been selling well at the newspaper kiosks in that Catalan city. The books sell from 4.1 to 6 cents American a copy.

The consul general was asked recently by American publishers about the chances of Spanish editions of everything in the dime novel series. His investigations brought him to the conclusion that there wouldn't be much outlook for profit, because the French editions have taken the edge off the popular demand. With the exception of Barcelona and Madrid, the reading public is not large.

The best profits from this class of literature are earned in South and Central America.

Retired Matador a Sailor.

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

One man who has killed more bulls and probably seen more of gore and death in the bull ring than any other man who has ever visited the Pacific Coast is Senor Gaviao, a Spanish matador of distinction, now a common sailor on board the big Kosmos liner Alexandria, which arrived in port to-day.

Gaviao was signed at one of the South American ports, where for some time past he had been making a living as a longshoreman. Not pleased with the work, he quit to come North.

The man is past the prime of life, but still has the whipcord muscle of the athlete and the quick, sure movement so necessary to the man whose occupation is to gamble daily with death.

There is said to be a romance about his quitting the ring, in the way of a love passion the man conceived for a high-born Spanish lady, who rejected his advances. He is also reported to have quit the ring and his native land on account of losing his nerve at a critical time when killing an infuriated bull, taking to his heels in a panic, thus losing his prestige. Gaviao maintains a silence over his exploits.

THE OLD SQUARE PIANO.

Dealers Everywhere Suffer Through Overvaluation of These Relics.

The National Association of Piano Dealers of America will hold its seventh annual convention in New York City June 8. There is no doubt that this will be not only the best attended, but the most important session yet held by the association. Owing to the rapid growth of the piano business and the changes incident to such growth, many abuses have crept into the piano trade which the association aims to correct.

Among these abuses is the excessive allowances for old instruments which the dealer often feels obliged to make because of a false idea on the part of the owner as to real value of such old instrument. Some owners of these old instruments labor under the false impression that the various parts are of value and can be used again in making new instruments. It is also thought by some that these old instruments can be rebuilt or made over to be as valuable as when new. Both these ideas are wrong. No part of an old instrument is of any special value in building a new one, and in the great majority of cases the old organs and square pianos are not of sufficient value to justify the expense of rebuilding them.

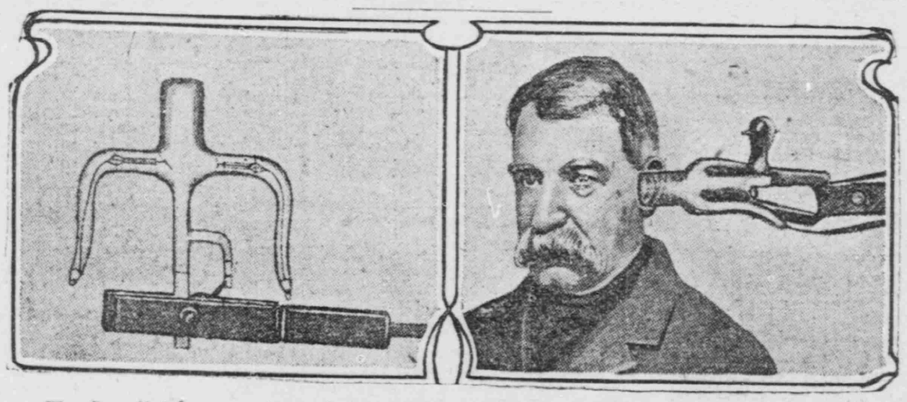
The development of the piano has been rapid. Those instruments which were the best of their type twenty, thirty, and forty years ago are to-day, except in rare cases, of little musical value. To be sure, certain grand pianos and high-class uprights can be rebuilt and made of value again, but the old square piano, excepting those of the best makers and of the later models, are not only without musical value, but they are a source of expense and annoyance to the dealer. Particularly is this true in the city, where these instruments take up much room where high rents make space valuable.

During a meeting of the association in Atlantic City four years ago a number of these old square pianos were burned for the express purpose of getting them out of the way and impressing the public with their worthlessness. Some criticism was made by newspapers, and others ignorant of the true facts, on the ground that these pianos might better be given to people in poor circumstances or to schools and struggling institutions. A moment's reflection would show that dealers would not burn anything that possessed any value, but that they would be glad to get rid of instruments which were in the way and whose musical value was entirely gone.

Arrangements are being made to dispose most effectively of a large number of these old square pianos and little box organs during the coming convention in New York. Dealers in New York and vicinity whose storerooms are crowded with these worthless instruments will load them on a large boat, chartered for the purpose, and they will be taken far out in the ocean and sunk. By this method the dealers will make certain that these old instruments will never again be offered in exchange, thus necessitating endless explanations and controversies about their real value.

The National Association of Piano Dealers stands pledged to the one-price system. Nothing interferes more with the strict maintenance of this system than the custom now prevailing of taking old instruments in exchange in part payment toward new. The dealer who adheres to one price can, of course, allow no more for an old instrument than its real worth. If it is worthless, he must refuse to take it at any price. This condition often obliges the dealer to spend more time in disabusing the customer's mind with reference to the value of the old instrument offered in exchange than explaining the merits or the desirability of the new piano. The dealers in the association desire to correct this condition and place the piano business on the same plane as other lines.

PLUCKING THE STING FROM THE X-RAY



The Cornell tube, newest muzzle for the X-ray. Showing the use of the Cornell tube.

ONE of the marvels of the day of electro-therapeutics is the X-ray, that mysterious force of such wonderful potentiality. And yet it was a comparatively long time before the eminent scientists who used it in their work could do so without danger.

Strange as it may seem, the danger from X-rays has been more to the operator that to the patient. This is because operators use it constantly, while its contact with patients is limited. A number of leading scientists have been sent to their graves by the deadly agency of this mysterious, insidious force, while others have lost fingers and limbs.

Every new method of conquering or controling the malevolent influences of the X-ray is hailed with delight by the men who use it in furthering their scientific investigations and in illuminating the path of surgery.

A short time ago Prof. Albert C. Geyser of Cornell University Medical College, demonstrated what he declared to be one of the most brilliant achievements in electro-therapeutics since the X-ray came into use as a surgical aid and healing agent.

His device is called the Cornell tube. It is said to rob the X-ray of its terrors for the operator, to pluck the sting of the burn that has caused intense suffering and even death.

When the X-ray began its career as handmaiden to surgery and medical science generally, it was a dangerous agency—dangerous to the operator rather than to the patient.

The patient who submits to X-ray treatment, either once or twenty times, is not inconvenience or harmed; the operator who maages the X-ray machine and treats many patients a day or week for weeks, months, and years, has been the person to suffer, having been continually within range of the unseen but powerful force.

So it is the operator, the scientist, who hails with delight any curbing of the X-ray's dangerous proclivities.

Under old systems of employing the ray, the end of the instrument from which it escapes—using now plain terms at which scientists may laugh but which laymen may understand—was held several inches from the portion of the patient's body to be operated upon.

Now, the force known as the X-ray doesn't travel straight ahead after leaving the point of discharge; it spreads out in every direction like the ripples expanding from a pebble thrown into the water. So, no matter how far away the operator stood in the room, some of the ray's force was bound to reach him.

The case of Clarence M. Dally, the first X-ray victim, so far as known, typifies the dangers to operators in the earlier days of the X-ray's history. Dally was chief assistant to Thomas A. Edison, the wizard of electricity, and died in 1904, after seven years of intense suffering.

Dally's hair and mustache dried up and fell out. Science could not stop the disintegration of the left hand he had placed so often before the light, and amputation of the entire arm became necessary.

Next, four fingers of the right hand had to be cut off, and for a time life was prolonged, but the fatal damage had been done.

DR. J. HALL EDWARDS,
An X-ray victim just pensioned by the British government.

Then there was the case of Dr. Louis A. Weigel, of Rochester, N. Y., who lost his arms and then his life through the deadly sting of the X-ray.

Such cases, and others, occurred—had their beginning—in the early days of the use of the X-ray. Since then scientists have learned the danger of the force they use and protect themselves.

Many employ a system of mirrors by which they watch the patient under treatment while they remain in another room. A leading scientist stated the other day that there was no longer the danger to operators that marked the earlier years.

Still, the device of Prof. Geyser is hailed with appreciation; there is no having too much of a good thing.

His device consists of a tube made of heavy lead glass, so that no rays can escape from it save through a flint glass window at the end. This window corresponds in size to the lesion to be treated.

The air space formerly permitted between the apparatus and the patient is done away with. The rays go straight to the point where they are to do their work; they operate on the diseased tissues alone and cannot harm either patient or operator.

"When a tube," says Dr. Geyser, "is brought into direct contact with the patient, only the ionizing effect of the X-ray is exerted on the tissues, and this effect is all that is needed to furnish the most brilliant therapeutic results.

"During the last two years and a half this system has been used at Cornell Medical College, and in over 5,000 applications not a single case of dermatitis has developed."

Only the other day news came from England that Dr. J. Hall Edwards, the latest victim of the X-ray sting in that country, had been granted a pension by the government.

As a result of his work he developed cancer on both hands; one hand has been amputated, and it is thought four fingers will have to be removed from the other.

When the hands are constantly exposed to the X-rays, first the skin becomes very red, then sore and irritated. The hands feel at this stage as if they had been chapped in the cold, and there is an extremely unpleasant itching sensation. If the burns of the rays are severe, the skin hardens and peels off, the epidermis becomes dead and sometimes is blistered and gets very sore. The nails warp, crack, and shrivel up, lose their color, and turn brown at the ends.

New nails sometimes come out, but nearly always crooked. The hardened skin cracks and this causes chronic fissures to develop, which bleed and also become very painful. Cancers sometimes result, as well as general poisoning.

In his new book, "Roentgen Rays and Electro-Therapeutics," Dr. M. K. Kassabian, a leading authority in this country, has made a list of scientists who have died from the sting of the X-ray.

Besides Mr. Dally and Dr. Weigel, the list includes Mrs. E. Fleischman Aschheim, of San Francisco, who, during the war with Spain, did X-ray work in military hospitals; W. C. Fuchs, of Chicago; Dr. A. Harry Blacker, of London, who died in 1904, and was the first victim to follow Dally; M. A. Radiquet, of Paris; Dr. W. C. Egelhoff, of the Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago, who died December 27, 1907, and Dr. John McMaster, of Trinity Medical College, Toronto, and Dr. Rome V. Wagner, of Indianapolis, both of whom died this year.

HISTORY OF DERBY

By EX-ATTACHE.

If Lieut. Gen. Burgoyne, who brought his military career to a somewhat inglorious close with the memorable surrender of the British forces under his command to Gen. Gates at Saratoga in 1778, had not as a young subaltern made a runaway marriage with Lady Charlotte Stanley, daughter of the eleventh Earl of Derby, it is more than probable that there would have been no Oaks, and, above all, no Derby.

The latter is universally recognized as the greatest of all horse races. Its preeminence as such is acknowledged by sporting men in every part of the world, and the ambition of every breeder and owner of horses, no matter whether in England or in foreign countries, is to win, at least once in his life, this, the blue ribbon of the turf. That is why Austrian, French, German, and American entries are to be found each year among those for the Derby.

On three occasions it has been won by American stables, namely, by the late Pierre Lorillard, with Iroquois, in 1881; by the late William C. Whitney, with Volodyovski, in 1901, and by Richard Croker last summer with Orby. Several American owners are competing in the Derby of 1908, which will be run on Wednesday next, and according to the reports of experts, August Belmont has a very fair chance of carrying off the prize with his colt Norman III.

"Derby" is the name which has been given to the principal race meetings in a number of foreign countries, notably in Austria. But there is none that can compare in spectacular or sportive interest, and in importance, with the meeting which will take place on Wednesday next, on Epsom Downs. It is a race which has become to such an extent a national event, that parliamentary business comes to a virtual standstill, that most of the courts of justice arrange to adjourn, and that business on the stock exchange is to all intents and purposes suspended on that day. Great bankers, and judges of the highest tribunals, legislators from both houses of Parliament, foreign ambassadors, and grave English statesmen, will all be found gathered at Epsom Wednesday, where on more than one occasion the prime minister of the empire has been seen leading in his horse as the victor of the race, and where the sovereign himself is one of the principal competitors.

Edward VII is the only monarch on the turf, the only ruler in these modern times, who not only maintains a great racing stable, but likewise participates in all the principal contests of the year. As Prince of Wales he has on two occasions won the Derby, but since his accession to the throne, now some eight years ago, he has been defeated on every occasion for this particular race. Perhaps he may be more fortunate on Wednesday next, and in that event the sporting world will be treated to the unprecedented and altogether unique spectacle of a king leading in a Derby winner.

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Of course, everybody is aware that the Derby owes its name and its origin to the twelfth Earl of Derby. True, race meetings were held on Epsom Downs as far back as in the reign of James I, who was devoted to the sport, and there used likewise in olden times to be a race meeting known as the Derby Stakes held in the Isle of Man, of which the Earls of Derby were not merely owners, but sovereign rulers. But there was no connection between the Earls of Derby and Epsom Downs until a young penniless captain of the Guards, John Burgoyne, a natural son of the spendthrift Lord Bingley, made a Gretna Green marriage with Lady Charlotte Stanley, daughter of the eleventh Earl of Derby. Burgoyne and his bride went after their marriage to live at an inn in the little parish of Woodmansterne, known as "The Oaks," situated on the Downs. It had originally been a hunting lodge, owned by the Lamberts, who were lords of the manor, and in those days bore the name of "Lambert's Oaks," owing to the number of majestic trees of that description by which it was surrounded.

At the time of Burgoyne's marriage the Oaks had become the village inn. So delighted were the young couple with the place that Burgoyne bought it, and without demolishing the old hostelry commenced to build onto it a country house of the Elizabethan order of architecture. By the time it had been completed, the Burgoynes found themselves involved in pecuniary difficulties, and a reconciliation having in the meantime been effected with Lord Derby, he took over the Oaks, and the 200 or 300 acres of ground by which it was surrounded, in order to prevent it from passing into the hands of strangers. He became very fond of the place, and spent much of his time there, and gave a large fete champetre there, on June 9, 1774, in honor of the marriage of his grandson, afterward the twelfth earl, with Lady Betty Hamilton, on which occasion his son-in-law, John Burgoyne, now a general, collaborated with the famous actor Garrick, in the production of the open-air play produced.

The twelfth earl, who succeeded to his grandfather's honors two years later, established a racing stable at the Oaks, and in 1779 inaugurated the so-called Oaks race meeting, exclusively for fillies, winning the first race of the series with a mare of the name of Jemima, bred by himself. So delighted was he with his success, that in the following year he supplemented the Oaks with another race meeting, also on Epsom Downs, and to which he gave his own name, that is to say, the Derby Stakes. That was in 1780, and since then not a year has passed without the Derby being run on Epsom Downs, either on the last Wednesday in May, or on the first Wednesday in June. It was this twelfth Earl of Derby, by the bye, who married as his second wife Miss Nellie Farren, the celebrated actress, not, however, until full seventeen years after the first Derby meeting on Epsom Downs.

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Sir Charles Bunbury enjoys the distinction of having won the first Derby, with a horse of the name of Diomed, which shortly afterward was sold for export to the United States for the modest price of $300. Here its merits were, however, appreciated more highly than in the old country. For only a few weeks after reaching New York it was resold by its purchaser for the sum of $7,000, and died two years later on the stud farm of its new owner. It would be interesting to learn if there is any stock at present in this country that can trace its descent from this first winner of the Derby. The Sir Charles Bunbury, who was his original owner, married that Lady Sarah Lennox who for a time was the object of such infatuation on the part of George III that there are many people to this day who are convinced that the King was secretly married to her. One thing, however, is certain, namely, that Farmer George never forgot his youthful affaire de coeur. For throughout his reign Lady Sarah, who was the daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, and a sister of the celebrated Lady Holland, was an object of particular regard and graciousness on the part of his majesty, even after her sensational divorce from Sir Charles Bunbury, and her marriage to George Napier, through whom she became the mother of Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War.

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Sir Charles Bunbury was in those days a very conspicuous figure on the British turf, and besides winning the Derby no less than three times, remains on record as having been steward of the Jockey Club to whom was intrusted the extremely unpleasant duty of intimating to the then Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, that in consequence of certain shady transactions in which the trainer and the managers of his royal highness' racing stables, and the jockeys in his employ, had become involved, they would be from thenceforth "warned off" Newmarket Heath, which meant that virtually every reputable race course would be closed to them.

The Prince of Wales, who had previously won the Derby of 1788 with a horse called Sir Thomas, virtually severed his connection with the turf after this notification from Sir Charles Banbury, and though toward the end of his reign he became reconciled to the Jockey Club, and entertained its members at dinner on the day of the Derby meeting, yet he never resumed racing. Nor was it until more than 100 years later that the Derby was again won by a British heir apparent, namely, in 1896, with Persimmon, by a prince whose career of well nigh forty years on the turf had been absolutely free from any reproach, and untarnished by even the faintest breath of suspicion, and whose devotion to this great national sport has been of such an enthusiastic and useful character that his victories are always hailed with universal satisfaction, and treated as if they were a subject for public rejoicing.

King Edward's accession to the throne has in no sense diminished his fondness for racing. He still keeps up splendid stables at Sandringham and Newmarket, breeding his own race horses, and has on two occasions won the Derby while still Prince of Wales, once with Persimmon, in 1896, as I have already mentioned, and in 1900 with Diamond Jubilee.

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Queen Victoria, to the best of my recollection, only visited the Derby once, namely, in 1840, when she drove down to Epsom with the prince consort. But King Edward has rarely missed a Derby since he came of age, and by his inauguration of the practice, previous to his accession to the throne, of taking his consort and his daughters to the race, has managed to vastly improve the tone of the meetings. In fact, while the Derby lacks the relative exclusiveness of Ascot, Goodwood, and Sandown, which are after all more or less private courses, and is in every sense a popular affair, yet much of the rowdiness which formerly marred the enjoyment of the race and which was so graphically portrayed in the famous picture of the spectacle painted by the Royal Academician Frith in 1856, has vanished.

Indeed, until King Edward, as heir apparent, commenced taking his wife and daughters to the race, ladies kept away from the Derby, and Queen Victoria's solitary visit in 1840 was regarded as something altogether extraordinary, and at the time did not meet with public approval.

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In conclusion, it may be mentioned that England is probably the only country in the world where horse racing is an aid in lieu of a bar to political preferment. Lord Rosebery's prowess on the turf contributed in no small degree to his success as a statesman. His racing stable helped him to the premiership of the empire, and once established in that office, his winning two successive Derbies, with Ladas and Sir Visto, vastly increased his hold upon the good will of his fellow-countrymen, and his importance in their eyes, as a brilliant minister of the Crown.

It is difficult, indeed, for foreigners to realize the extent to which the English people are interested in the sport of horse racing in general, and, above all, in the Derby. Indeed, in the wilds of Canada, in the plans of British India, in the jungle and the forests of the Dark Continent, up in the highest regions of the Rocky Mountains in this country, and of the Andes in South America, the first question that will be invariably put during the next two or three months by even the most woe-begone, abandoned, and altogether God-forsaken Englishman whom one may happen to encounter, will be as to "who has won the Derby?"

Stories of Tolstoi.

From the Chicago News.

Count Tolstoi was once recuperating from a sickness by resting in the Crimea. A party of rich Americans arrived in a yacht and asked permission to see the great Russian. Tolstoi sat upon his balcony "like a Buddhist idol," as he said, and the Americans filed silently and slowly before him. They had promised not to speak a word—a glimpse was all they wanted. One woman, however, refused to be bound by the contract.

"Leo Tolstoi," she exclaimed, "all your writings had a profound influence on my life, but the one which has taught me the most is your——" Here she awkwardly forgot the name of the work.

The sick author leaned over the rail of the balcony and whispered with a smile: "The Dead Souls?"

"Yes, yes," she replied.

"That book," said Tolstoi, "was written by Gogol, not by me."

Tolstoi's domestic life is singularly happy, in spite of the fact that his wife does not share his views concerning religion and sociology. The countess is sixteen years younger than her husband, and although the mother of thirteen children, is still beautiful and charming. She is highly gifted, too; has herself written three novels. At one time she had great difficulty in preventing the count from giving away all his property.

"He wished to distribute all his worldly goods to the poor," she says. "It was I, I alone, who prevented it. Heavens, what a struggle I had! But, God be praised, I triumphed. From that day to this I, and I alone, manage the count's affairs; everything is done by me—is in my own hands."

Tolstoi is one of the most prolific writers of any age. He has published some hundred and twenty books, and innumerable pamphlets, most of which have been translated into every European language. The extent of his output is the more remarkable when his laborious methods are considered. Some of his chapters have been written a dozen times, and the pages of his manuscript are disfigured by numerous erasures and interpolations. One of his novels had to be copied out seven times before a fairly legible manuscript could be sent to the printers.

A Homesteader's Fortune.

Frank Ruch, the keeper of the buffalo heard in the national forest of Oklahoma, is credited with this:

"Once a Kansas farmer met on the hot, dusty road a homesteader pushing on excitedly toward the Cherokee Strip.

"'Whar ye bound?' said the farmer.

"'Fer a hundred and sixty acres o' free land in the strip,' was the reply.

"And the man vanished in the glitter of of dust and sunshine. A month or two went by, and on the same dusty road the Kansas farmer met the homesteader returning.

"'Hello!' he said, 'what ye done with them hundred and sixty acres?' The homesteader pointed his whip proudly toward his mule team. 'See them mules?' said he. 'Wall, I traded eighty acres of my claim fer 'em.'

"'What d'ye do with the other eighty?'

"'Don't gimme away,' was the reply, 'but the feller was a tenderfoot, an' I run in the other eighty acres on him without his knowin' it.'"